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THE CYCLONE.

[Written for the Graphic.]

Heavy and dark the clouds are rising,
Far in the distant west,
The angry lightning is fiercely playing,
Along the angry east.
The aged live up in his staff is leaning
To watch the lightning's play,
The clouds look lowering, dark and drear,
There'll be a dreadful storm to-day.
Higher and higher the dark clouds rise
Piercing and forcing the lightning play,
An ominous gloom steals over the earth,
Obscuring the light of day.
With the angry roar of a hungry demon,
Thrusting for his prey,
The storm breaks forth in all its fury,
Clearing its path away.
Strong fearless men turn pale and tremble,
As before some cruel fate,
Great forest trees are supposed like reeds
And peaceful homes made desolate.
What tongue can tell what language picture,
The storm is its dreadful power?
No pen, no pencil, can describe the scene,
What could the mortal eye behold?
Flood cities are by their laid low
The droughted hurricane,
Tender babes by their from mother's arms are torn
And are never seen again.
Dread hurricane whence comest thou?
Appalled, all men before thee bow,
Thou whom in maddest fury rushes on
Canst tell us where that thou hast gone.
In the midst of the storm there follows the escape
Who takes us when parting from breath
He rides a pale horse and is armed with a sickle,
We call him the angel of death.
Many who saw with bright hopes in the morn
Many adorned with beauty's bright crown
And many a babe and many fond mother
Are by this pale phantom reaper cut down.
Oh woe the homes that in beauty once stood
So peaceful in valley and plain,
Can it be that the inmates have passed over the
river
And friends with no more see them again.
Thou racing tempest, thou maddest cyclone
In pity stay thy ruthless hand,
In pity spare our cherished loved ones,
O, visit not our native land.

Stage Struck ;

OR, THE

MYSTERIOUS ACTRESS.

By M. J. Roy.

AUTHOR OF WALTER BROWNFIELD—
THE HIRED GIRL—THE TEACHER'S
MISTAKE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST APPEARANCE.

It is but a step from all the noise, bustle and confusion behind the scenes to the quiet before the curtain where we find the audience waiting in expectation of the play.

We had gone through the constant drumming, drumming in our rehearsal until every one was to use a theatrical expression, up in his part. The scenery and stage property had arrived in due time, all new and brilliant. The eyes of the amateurs fairly danced with delight at the splendor of both. Even the ambitious Horne, who sighed for a heavy part, discovered untold beauties in the character of the landlady.

We had selected and partially prepared seven new plays—dramas, tragedies, farces and comedies, designing to have them all completed before we started on the road. Among them I now remember was Chimney Corner, Old Honesty, Speed the Plough, The Irish Tiger, East Lynne, Mile's Ray, Betsy Baker, The Dumb Girl of Genoa, Rip Van Winkle, Armand, Ingomar, and the Colleen Bawn. It had required work, and whatever fault Mr. Seymour may have had, he never lacked energy.

"What kind of a Dishpails do I make?" asked the fun-loving Charley Mitchell, coming from the dressing-room into the green-room, in the costume of the character he represented.

"I can tell better after I see you on the stage," I replied.

"The thing is going to take like six hundred," said Charley.

We can all tell after this performance is over," was my answer.

"Ladue just came in and he said the room is filling up fast; that George Wainwright is selling tickets as fast as he can count them and make the change."

Several of us were already in costume waiting for the curtain to rise, though it would be half an hour at least. Others were dressing and going through the preparation commonly called in stage parlance, the "make up."

"I would like to take a peep at the crowd out there," said Horne, who was attired as landlady, with a wig of a hundred years ago.

There had been a constant hum for the last fifteen minutes outside, that now increased to a dull roar. It was people entering and taking seats. There came to our ears the thumping and scraping of violins and musical instruments in the orchestra, getting in tune for the orchestra which was to precede the rising of the curtain.

"There are lots o' people out there, you can bet," said Charley, pointing in the direction of the audience.

"I believe I'll go on the stage and

just take a peep through at the audience," said Horne, "and see how large it is. There must be thousands."

"That is strictly forbidden by the stage manager," I said, hoping that would end it.

"Hang the stage manager," said Horne, in his usual imperious, overbearing way. "I am going to see who is out there."

He went and had drawn the curtain sufficiently to one side to peep through when Mr. Seymour, who was crossing the stage and showing John Stokes, the property man, how to shift a certain scene, espied him.

"What in the— are you doing there?" he cried in a low tone, raising Horne by the throat and dragging him away. "Do you wish this audience to think we are a set of hoodlums, who never saw a stage before?"

The demon look of fury again came in Horne's eye and he made some fierce reply, low but deep. Seymour, who did not possess the best of temper, would have struck him there, if Charley Mitchell and myself had not interfered and got them quieted down.

At this moment the orchestra struck up a lively waltz and away went Felix Miller sailing around the stage almost as light as a feather. He ran against Mr. Seymour whose patience was so completely exhausted that he shook him violently.

He had completed the task and looked up, when he discovered Rose Perry and Mrs. Atwell waiting as if for dear life.

Never did a company seem more unmanageable. In vain Mr. Seymour pursued, coaxed and swore; they were all in too high spirits to care.

At last order was restored behind the scenes and we gathered in the green-room around the manager to receive his last instructions before making our first appearance.

"I sincerely hope you will all be careful in the future not to betray as much of the greenhorn as you have tonight," said Mr. Seymour. "This thing of peeping at an audience is never tolerated by first-class theatres, and dancing on the stage suspends all other business. As soon as this overture is over the play begins, and now be careful to follow the instructions I have given you. Have confidence, be perfect in your part; speak loud, stand still, do not speak until the person addressed has finished—face the audience, observe proper entrances, speak slow and do not rant."

He left us and hurried away to give a last look at the stage and scenery, Horne hurried one of his most bitter anathemas at him.

"You should not blame him, Horne," said I; "he has the responsibility of the entire company on his hands, and your act was certainly a violation of theatrical rules."

Horne made some reply not complimentary to either the actor or myself, declaring he had invested as much money as any one, and did not intend to be jerked about like a dog. That he would slap his father almost, for that treatment.

There are a class of men like Horne in the world called "bullies." Nature seems to have combined with their superior strength a weak mind and violent temper. They fly into a passion at the smallest provocation in order to display their muscular power.

There entered the green-room now, equipped for the stage, Miss Cornell and the other ladies. Nellie was heavenly in her beautiful costume. Would I could describe her to you, but I cannot do her justice, so I shall not attempt it. Combine the most beautiful picture you ever saw with the most delightful dream you ever had, and resolve these into a beautiful girl attired for the stage in maroon-colored, gauzy silk, soft dark eyes, auburn hair, and all smiles and dimples, and you will come nearer seeing Nellie Cornell as she stood that evening in the green-room, dressed for the stage than if I should take whole pages in describing her. Every symptom of turmoil disappeared at her entrance, and even Horne seemed to lose his anger.

"Do you feel nervous?" I asked.

"Slightly," was the reply as those large dark eyes were turned upon me.

"Do you think you will break down?" "Oh, no; Mrs. Seymour speaks first and I can easily take up the thread of the conversation and follow it through. Besides, I will be sitting and not facing the audience when I commence, which will be a great help. Once started and I have no fears."

We were standing apart to ourselves

and our conversation was unheeded by others.

"I hope you will succeed," I said.

"I hope we all shall," was the naive reply.

"But you especially, I hope you may succeed, beyond your fondest hopes."

"I thank you, Mr. Thornburg, you are certainly very kind," she said, while her eyes dropped beneath mine.

"You are only guessing at that, Mr. Thornburg," she replied. "Your words have a double meaning, for upon my triumphs the success of the company may depend."

"Your future would interest me just the same if you were traveling with a rival troupe."

Again those dark eyes dropped and a look of sadness and pain seemed to come over the beautiful face.

"You are certainly a great flatterer, Mr. Thornburg," she at last said, resuming her spirits.

"I hope I am not," I answered.

"Of course you have great hopes of your own debut," she said, neatly turning the subject.

"Not near so much as in yours," was my answer.

She blushed and hung her head. I took it for granted that this was a favorable time at least to begin to break the ice, and I said in a very low tone, approaching nearer than before:

"Miss Nellie, you cannot imagine the interest I feel in your welfare. I would that you would consent to let me be your special protector while we are roaming about the world. You may need one, and it would be the highest pleasure on earth to me to be of service to you—"

"Ding, ding!" rang the prompter's bell.

"There, there," she cried merrily, with a most wicked smile, "that rings for me to go on the stage;" and she flitted out of the green-room with Mrs. Seymour and the lady playing the part of Marian, to take their places on the stage.

The music ceased, and a death-like silence reigned before and behind the curtain.

"Ting-ding!" went the bell once more and John Stoke began to draw the cord and the great curtain rolled swiftly up. The scene was an elegant one—a large room in the house of Mr. Deschappelles at Lyons, with Pauline reclining on a sofa and Marian fanning her. A light murmur of applause ran over the audience at the perfection and beauty of the scene.

Mrs. Seymour commenced her part and Nellie followed so naturally that one would have thought she had been on the stage for years.

I felt a little nervous when I noticed that the time had almost come for me to appear. My cue was given by Madame Deschappelles, and I stepped on the stage and began my part. There was, perhaps, a slight tremor in my voice during the recital of the first sentence, but I soon found myself speaking with perfect ease. That vast audience, that great sea of upturned faces, seemed not to belong to me. I seemed to have nothing in common with them. I was Col. Dumes, the brave, honest, blunt old Colonel, and not John Thornburg.

With a few slight mistakes, scarcely perceptible to the audience, the play went off well. I got through the sword duel and was dismissed by Claude Melnotte right nicely, but the star of the play was Nellie Cornell. Her acting was so complete as to astonish even Mr. Seymour. The scene at the widow's cottage was grand, and she was encored until she was compelled to come from behind the curtain to acknowledge the compliment. Mr. Seymour accompanied her, and in behalf of the modest young actress made a nice little speech to the enraptured audience. The play went on and by her power she held them spell-bound to the end. Claude Melnotte and all the minor parts were forgotten—all swallowed up in the beautiful Pauline.

George Wainwright came behind the scenes just after the fourth act and informed us that the receipts of the evening had been unusually large; that after paying all expenses we would have over two hundred and fifty dollars left.

"This begins to look like business," said Charley Mitchell. "The thing is sure to win. Remember, now, you two boys, when we have all grown rich and famous, that it was my plan."

I made no answer, but felt my spirits greatly revived. Our success was encouraging. The last act was played better than either of the preceding, the curtain going down amid a storm of applause.

CHAPTER VI.

A HEAVY PART—ON THE WAY.

Martin Lovelace was one of the most pious young men I ever met. He had been a student in the academy and a teacher in the Sunday-school, belonged to the Presbyterian church, and was a member of half a dozen temperance organizations.

We—I mean the stock-holders and managers of the company—were discussing the subject of our departure on our first annual tour. We were intoxicated with success, and failure was not dreamed of.

Mr. Seymour favored taking the Sunday train and going to the next town for which we were billed, putting up our stage, rehearsing Sunday night and Monday.

Several opposed and most bitter of all was Martin Lovelace.

"Well, what objection have you to going to-morrow?" asked Mr. Seymour. "We need all the rehearsing we can get."

"I object," said young Lovelace "to breaking the Sabbath."

"Why, young man, do you expect to attend church and belong to the Sunday-school when you are on the stage?"

"I see nothing to prevent me from attending church every Sabbath," was the firm reply, "and I assure you I shall do so if it is possible."

"Well," said Mr. Seymour, "I shall not object and hope you will hold out to the end."

"I shall hold out with a firmness that could not be mistaken. I shall take my Bible with me and when I find I am compelled to violate the laws laid down in it, I shall leave the company."

This expression from a true Christian heart was so bold, so manly, that a silence of several moments fell on the group. At last Mr. Seymour, whose face showed a strange mixture of emotions, grasped his hand and said:

"Young man, that is a good resolution, and I hope you will keep it, but you have no idea of the temptation that you will be compelled to overcome."

Lovelace carried his point. We did not start till Monday.

I did not tell Nellie until we met at the depot. There were piles of trunks and boxes, for in addition to our stage property, each amateur, as is usually the case, had overburdened him or herself with baggage.

"You said you would like a heavy part," said Mr. Seymour to Horne who, with a plug hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth, was strutting up and down the depot. "I have assigned you one."

"What is it?" asked the delighted amateur.

"To perfection," was the reply, and removing the cigar from his mouth Horne blew out a thin spiral cloud of smoke. He already imagined himself a second Booth, Forrest or Fletcher.

Knowing there was something rich coming from the sly winks the manager gave, several of us crowded around the actors.

"You are sure you would not grumble if the part assigned you was real heavy," said Mr. Seymour.

"Grumble, sir! I grumble at nothing," answered Horne with a very actor like expression in his eyes.

"Then, sir, the part I assign you is to carry that heavy chest into the baggage car when the train comes."

There was a shout of laughter at Horne's expense.

The newly pledged actor did not like it very well, but set his teeth firmly and kept his temper under control.

"Is the part too heavy, Horne? are you capable of performing it?" asked Charley Mitchell.

"I am, sir, if any living man is," was the reply, "and I'll do it just to show you that I can."

Horne was almost a giant in size, and his strong limbs and broad shoulders indicated a strength almost matchless.

Seeing the ladies in the waiting room I hurried in to speak a word or two to Nellie before the train came.

George Wainwright had preceded me and was already in close conversation with Rose Perry. Rose was a lively blonde vivacious and attractive. She was both beautiful and good but like many other girls, had a passion for the stage. George had been very attentive to her for some time, and in his sober matter-of-fact way might be making love to her.

"Do you have any regrets in bidding Hamstead adieu?" I asked Miss Nellie, whom I found, as usual, sitting alone engaged in deep thought.

"I seldom ever leave a town without regret," she answered. "My stay in Hamstead has been very pleasant, indeed, and it is with some regrets that I leave it."

"These regrets will be no more," I said, taking a seat by her side. "We will have no more fixed home: our home will be on the stage or thundering train. Henceforth it will be but a week in any place, and we will be off again to some other."

"This roaming life has some charms," she answered, "but it has many disadvantages. One will surely become weary by the constant wandering over the earth."

"They say we will become accustomed to it, and will feel at home no matter where but on the road."

"My life has long been a wandering one," said the beautiful girl in a tone so sad that it would have melted a heart of stone. "It makes but little difference where I am."

"You never seem to lack for friends, Miss Cornell," I said.

"Not now, but the time has been when I did."

I would the time might come again."

"Why?" she asked, opening her

beautiful dark eyes wide with astonishment.

"That I might prove to you that I was a friend indeed," I answered.

She fixed her beautiful eyes on me, with an expression so strange, so pathetic, that I found it impossible to define the feelings they produced. A moment she remained silent then said:

"Mr. Thornburg, it is certainly very selfish in you to wish misfortune to befall any one that you may render them aid."

I felt the reproach keenly, and in an humble tone said:

"Forgive me for the selfish thought, Miss Nellie," I said, "and I will try not to be so foolish again."

"I am always willing to forgive," she said with one of her most winning smiles.

"And forget?"

"I try to—sometimes I fail."

"You may not forget an actual injury, but a foolish expression I presume does not linger in your memory."

"Seldom long. Some have: some are there yet, but nothing you have said, Mr. Thornburg. But see, our friends are gathering up their valises and bundles; the train must be coming."

It was, for my ear at this moment, caught the distant roar of iron wheels. Geo. Wainwright held Rose Perry's neat little traveling companion, and his own valise, while she took his arm.

"Can I see you on the train and sit by you all the way to Langtown?" I asked Nellie.

"If you will be right good you may," she answered in her usual pleasant way, and I at once took her valise and mine.

The loud whistle of the train announced its approach, and we were hurried out in the bustle and confusion to the platform.

"Wait a moment," cried the conductor, springing to the platform and checking our crowd, who were anxious to be off. "Wait until these on get off; there will be plenty of time for all."

We now saw Horne with his heavy part, the wardrobe chest, on his shoulder, which he, amid the cheers of Charley Mitchell and others, carried triumphantly to the baggage car.

We were all aboard with the usual bustle and confusion: windows on the depot side of the car were raised; friends put their heads in and wished us good luck. Hands were shaken for the last time. The request, "Now be sure and write to me," was made for the hundredth time. The loud engine bell clanged once more. "Good-bye! good-bye!" was shrieked almost frantically, and hands shaken vehemently.

"All aboard!" cries the conductor.

Clang, clang, clang! goes the engine bell, and we began to move off slowly at first; increasing in speed as we went.

People ran alone the side of the car and shouted through the window. "Now be sure and write to me; good-bye!" We swept through the depot and were thundering away.

Charley Mitchell, who had taken his place on the platform to get a last glimpse of Hamstead city, and the old college, saw one of the professors standing on the platform.

Taking off his hat, the irrepressible youth cried out:

"Farewell, Brother Watkins—ah!" "The rapid though easy-moving train glided on, and sent houses, trees and smoke flying to the rear. Our company were scattered in various parts of the car; some laughing and talking, many jesting and acting more like a lot of school children on a holiday excursion than professionals bound on their first great annual tour. All were in the highest spirits, and seemed to have no doubt of future success; if the future was in their mind at all.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour occupied the seat just in front of where I sat with Nellie. The manager sat with becoming dignity, reading a newspaper and occasionally wishing "those hoodlums would be quiet and behave themselves."

The train thundered on, revealing to us a constantly changing panorama of landscape—farms, farm-houses, forests and prairies.

It was a mid March morning—one of those days in early spring that makes one believe that summer is here, only the more bitterly to deceive him in the future.

The snow still glistened in small heaps on the north side of fences and hedge-rows, as well as hills, but where "Old Sol" could get any show it had disappeared.

"What a beautiful landscape Illinois presents," I said to my fair companion at my side.

"I was just thinking the same myself," she answered. "How nice and quiet those old fashioned country houses must be! See that large one with its stacks of chimneys and grove of trees, the great red barn and the lowing cattle. Is it not a grand scene?" she added, clapping her little hands with delight.

"It is beautiful, indeed," said I, who had less rural poetry in my soul than the young actress.

"It would be so delightful to have a nice old country home, retired from the busy hum of life, where one might go and rest when they become weary."

"Then you shall," said I, speaking in a tone so authoritative that it almost startled her. "That house you so much admire was the home of my childhood. Beneath its roof a dear mother passed from earth, and having no father or other relative, it fell to me. Though I be bankrupt ten times I will never part with it."

"Who occupies it now?"

"Tenants—two good old people whom I have known so long they seem almost like parents."

At though she found herself approaching dangerous ground, Nellie made haste to change the subject, and for an hour or two more we conversed on various themes.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive announced a station.

"Langtown!" shouted the brakeman putting his head in the car door for that purpose.

Clang! clang! went the heavy bell as we slowed up at the depot and at last came to a standstill in the town where we were to make our first appearance, and where everything seemed to be covered with our flaming bills and posters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ancient History Modernized.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your my," said Mr. Jones, who was not up in a classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, N. Y., and we found her in an intelligence office. She was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, picking up his ears.

"I was speaking paralogically," said Mrs. Jones.

There was silence for a few moments; then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Antony?"

"An old man who lived with pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cleo' used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julia Caesar?"

"Oh, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who said, 'Eat, thou brute!' when his horse wouldn't take its oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme dea h!' and ran away."

"Bully for him!" remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma; how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows to-morrow, though?"

I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages, and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?"

"Your pa will tell you about him; I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the Tin Trumpet and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for president and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself. [Detroit Post and Tribune.]

In the North American Review for July, President Julius H. Seelye writes of "Dynamite as a Factor in Civilization," taking of the subject the reassuring view that dynamism being merely a symptom of present discontent, is necessarily a transient social phenomenon, which will quickly disappear as the institutions of government are brought more into harmony with the interests and aspirations of the masses of the people. In "The Last Days of the Rebellion" Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan recounts the operations of the cavalry divisions under his command during the week preceding the surrender of Lee, and offers a highly important contribution to the history of the late war. William S. Holman, M. C., makes a striking exhibit of "The Increase of Public Expenditures," and insists upon the necessity for unceasing vigilance on the part of the people, lest the burdens of governmental administration become intolerable. "Democracy and moral progress," by O. B. Frothingham, is a philosophic forecast of the probable outcome of "government by the people themselves." Z. R. Brookway, Superintendent of the Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., points out some "Needed Reforms in Prison Management." Thomas Sergeant Perry writes of "Science and the Imagination;" Geo. E. Waring, Jr., of "Sanitary Drainage;" Elbridge T. Gerry of "Cruelty to Children;" and finally there is a Symposium on "Church Attendance"—the question whether the churches are growing to be less of a power for good now than in former times—the symposiasts being "A Non-Church-Goer," Rev. Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward, Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, and Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The foolishness that can't be cured must be in due.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., June 23, 1883.

The weather is hot as blazes here now, yet that does not prevent the people from discussing the result of the Star-route trial. It is still the leading topic in Washington. But strange as it may seem, the friends of the defendants who rejoice with them in their escape are about as numerous as the friends of public honesty who hoped to see them punished. There is hardly a man of intelligence in the community who does not honestly believe in his heart that these men robbed the Government of large sums of money, but, nevertheless, many sympathize with them, and want to see them get away with the swag. These, of course, represent pretty lax notions of official integrity, but they comprise about half or nearly half, of the office-holding and office-seeking classes, and would perhaps do the same thing themselves if they had the chance and the nerve. It is interesting to note the different theories of the failure of the prosecution, but the prevailing one is that the jury was not equal to the case and the trial was too long drawn out. The jury was not nearly up to the average citizen in intelligence or character. The ablest man on it—the foreman—was apparently the controlling spirit, and a disciple of Bob Ingersoll, and probably did much to shape the verdict. The length of the trial and the mass of evidence and volume of "gab" injected into it was alone sufficient to defeat the ends of justice in such a trial. And why was the trial so prolonged? Of course the defense would labor to that end, but why should the prosecution? Does any unprejudiced man, lawyer or layman, think this trial would not have ended in a month if the pay of the Government lawyers had been by the job instead of by the day?

What this celebrated trial has cost will be known when Congress comes together. But I take the estimate of a high legal officer and give his figures. He